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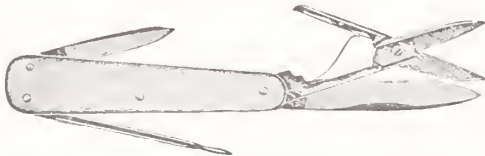
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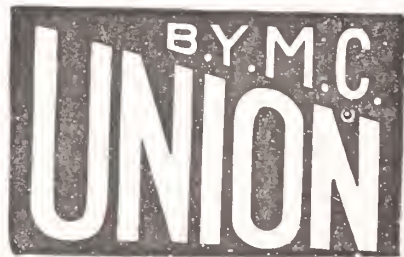
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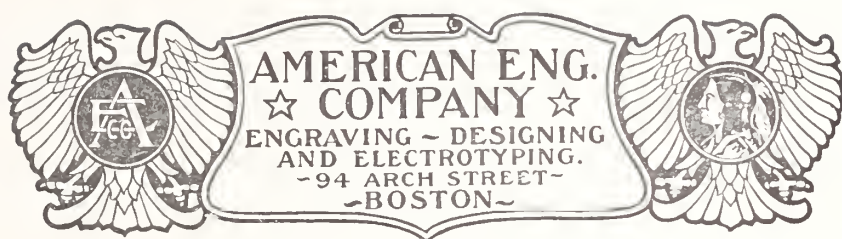
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The Latin School Register

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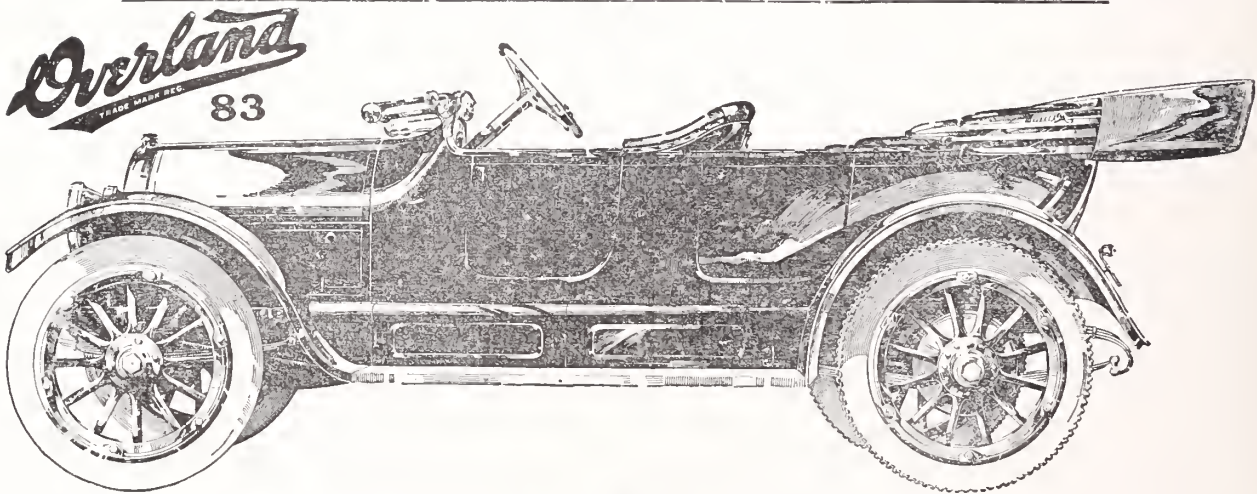
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Latin School Register

VOLUME XXXV. No. 3

DECEMBER, 1915

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LE GRAND PRIX.

GRAND PRIX DONNÉ À CELUI QUI
FERA LE MEILLEUR TABLEAU DE LA MER.

This information was inscribed upon a piece of square, white canvas, tacked before the little store of Jean Coutier, in the central place of St. Brienne. There were in St. Brienne, many, many persons who could paint, and well, for the ancient, sleepy, little village was famed as a spot where the most beautiful scenery was to be found, and the town was always filled with students of art from all France, especially during the summer months. St. Brienne was very near the wonderful fields of Agnon, and nestled almost within the reach of the Forest of Mergonnes, which formed

a beautiful dark green background for the blue sea. Glistening cliffs of white chalk rose sheer from the ocean, and upon the summit of the cliffs was St. Brienne, for all the world like a feather in some giant's cap.

St. Brienne was but a tiny village, and each inhabitant knew every other villager; and so it was that every one was familiar with M. Clair, the painter. It is true, he was seldom seen about the streets, but his charming little cottage upon the chalk cliffs was well known to all. Moreover, he had come quite often of late to see Marie Coupin, to whom he was said to be paying court. Indeed, the affair had occasioned a stir in the village, for none could com-

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prehend M. Clair's being in love. He was quite handsome, to be sure, but until now he had hardly noticed any of the girls in the village, to say nothing of Marie Coupin. M. Clair had come to St. Brienne about ten years ago as an art student. Little by little, he had felt the charm of the Forest of Mergonnes and the quaint, old-fashioned lore of St. Brienne, chaining him down to the life of a dreamer. He had long since ceased to desire fame and glory; he had found his happiness in St. Brienne. Thus, as the years rolled on, M. Clair had remained in the village, painting and dreaming,—dreaming and painting. Yet he was far from being old; he was but thirty, and looked even younger.

One clear morning in July, as M. Clair passed the store of Jean Coutier, he paused. His eye had been attracted to the sign which read:

"Grand Prize given to the one who paints the best sea-picture." Surprised, Jules Clair read the sign again; then he entered Coutier's store.

"Good-day, my old friend!" said M. Coutier in cheery tones. "What news?"

"Nothing, my old friend, nothing. Only this. What means that sign in front of your store? Who put it there?"

"That?" said Coutier. "Why, Louis Dubreque put the sign up. Do you not know M. Dubreque? It is he who lives in the great house on the hill. He is rich, very rich."

"Yes, I know M. Dubreque. And why does he offer this prize? How much is it?"

"That I do not know. You must ask M. Dubreque."

"Thank you, my old friend. Bon jour."

"Bon jour."

Marie Coupin was a fine, robust girl. She laughed always, and the villagers were wont to say that she cheered their hearts by her ready smile and kind ways. She was pretty, and of course had many suitors; but the one upon whom she seemed to look with the most favor was M. Clair. It was whispered about among the townsfolk, however, that her father disapproved of Clair because of his idleness. Also he was said to look upon a young man named Artois very favorably. M. Artois was a stranger in St. Brienne. He was a student of art, and had come to paint the beautiful scenes about the village. He was said to be quite rich, and as he came from Paris, the impression strengthened among the townspeople.

One evening when Artois came to visit Marie, he met her father at the gate of their cottage.

"Good-evening, Monsieur Coupin!" he cried in gay, ringing tones. "Have you heard the news?"

"No, indeed! What has happened, Monsieur?"

"Why, Louis Dubreque has offered a prize of 10,000 francs for a picture. He will give 10,000 francs for the best sea-picture in St. Brienne!"

"Why you might win this prize! If you do, you shall have my daughter, Marie."

"Of course, I shall win, monsieur!"

"Yes, of course; and then you may have Marie."

Monsieur Clair was not a man of action, but his curiosity had been fixed by the sign at Jean Coutier's, and he hurried to the house of Louis Dubreque.

"Yes," said M. Dubreque, briskly. "I will give 10,000 francs for the best marine painting, but it must be brought

to me before October. I must have a picture of this kind to complete my gallery."

On the shore below the chalk cliffs lay the hulk of an old schooner that had been wrecked years before, on the reefs of St. Brienne. Her masts were snapped off, and her rotten canvas hung from the tangled rigging like a tattered burial shroud. A great hole gaped in her side, and her hold was half filled with stagnant sea-water, ebbing with the tide. Upon the yellow sand near the wreck stood a small cabin of logs. It had once been the home of a hermit who had delighted in the crash of the waves upon the chalk cliffs.

It was a dismal night, dark and chilly, and the waves beat upon the cliffs with seemingly increased ferocity. A man, clad in a great-coat and wearing stout army boots, hurried along the shore. It was M. Artois. He carried an easel of some sort, and was shielding a package under his cape, probably from the damp sea-breeze. He entered the log cabin, and closed the door behind him. There was but one window in the little hut; it faced the wreck lying upon the sand near by. It was dark, and Artois lit a small lantern, which he placed upon an old cask in the corner. Then he uncovered a square box,—the package he had so carefully protected from the damp air,—and placed it beside the easel, upon which a canvas rested. The box contained hundreds of little, curious rolls of white paper. They were cigarettes. Feverishly he selected one, and lit it. He took from the pocket of his great-coat a queer siphon and a tiny glittering glass. He filled it with ruby-shining laudanum, and drained it at a swallow. M. Artois glanced through the shattered window

at the fearsome wreck. He saw the gaping hole, and shuddered. He heard the wind howling 'round the creaking cabin, and beheld a weird procession of morbid shapes and terrifying shadows, gliding silently about the room. He prepared his brushes, and began his picture. It was the picture of a wreck; a wreck with gaping hole and tattered shrouds. On and on he paints. The little cabin is filled with smoke. The shapes keep coming nearer; and surely bells are ringing.

"They are neither man nor woman—

They are neither brute nor human—

They are ghouls;

And their king it is who tolls;

As he rolls, rolls, rolls,

A paean from the bells!"

He paints a fearful picture. There are rats with foul, yellow fangs that bite, and worms that crawl...

It was a beautiful, clear day in August. The chalk cliffs gleamed in the sun, and the birds sang merrily in the forest of Mergonnes. The ocean lay blue and calm, allowing the honest, simple-hearted fishermen to labor on its bosom unmolested. Skilfully they plied their dories and adjusted their nets. Cheerfully they saluted one another and sang glad tunes as they worked.

High up on the cliffs lay the beautiful fields of Agnon. In a little meadow near his cottage, Jules Clair had set up his canvas and prepared to paint. Near him, watching his every move affectionately, sat a girl. It was Marie Coupin.

"Well, Marie, we shall see if we can win the prize," said Clair.

"You must win it, Jules. Think! 10,000 francs—"

"At any rate, I'll do my best."

Marie sat down upon the sweet meadow-grass and started to sew. Quite

often she looked up from her work and gazed at Clair as he painted. He would have laughed had he seen her affectionate glances.

M. Clair painted the cliffs, and the sea, and the yellow sand. He worked for hours. When he had finished, Marie was asleep. He woke her with a wisp of grass.

"Come, Marie. I've finished. What do you think of it?"

Marie clapped her shapely hands in delight. "Oh, I think it's simply wonderful! How do you do it, Jules?"

Louis Dubreque's door-bell rang sharply. He rose stiffly as a servant ushered young Artois into his presence. Artois was weak and wrecked. His appearance rather startled M. Dubreque.

"What do you wish, Monsieur?"

"M. Dubreque, I have a painting for your inspection." Artois handed a package to Dubreque, who opened it hastily and drew out a large canvas. It was a wonderful picture. The horror of it! Louis Dubreque was fascinated, stupefied. This man was a true connoisseur of art, but his senses were appalled. Artois looked on with a grim, pinched smile.

Finally Dubreque rasped out, "No mortal painted this picture!"

"I painted it, monsieur." Dubreque held the picture against the wall in a vacant space. A wonderful picture! A

horrifying picture! A wretched picture! An insult to God! M. Dubreque dashed the painting to the floor.

M. Dubreque's door-bell pealed sharply. Again he rose stiffly as Jules Clair entered the room, tall, handsome and attractive.

"Well, monsieur?"

"I have brought a painting, M. Dubreque. I fear you will be disappointed."

Dubreque took the canvas and held it before him at arm's length. Then he placed it upon an easel and judged it with expert skill.

"Monsieur, you will be famous."

"I do not understand."

"This is the most wonderful painting of its kind I have ever seen;"—and Louis Dubreque surveyed the work in admiration.

A faint, amused smile played about the lips of Jules Clair.

Dubreque raised his voice. "Do you hear, monsieur?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"*Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!*

*What a world of happiness their
harmony foretells!*

Through the balmy air of night

How they ring out their delight

From the molten-golden notes,

And all in tune."

E. G. F. '18.



Latin School Register 9



THE SPORTING
EDITOR HAS TO
GO TO ALL THE GAMES.



BUSINESS MANAGER

THE REGISTER

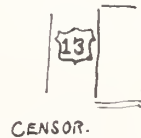
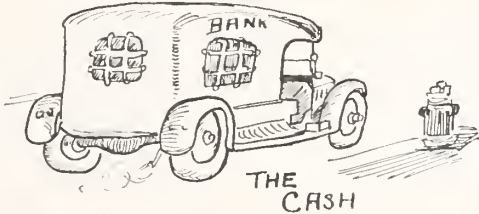


SH-M-H
HE'S A ROOM
REPORTER



WHEN THE CARS
ARE BLOCKED
AND HE HAS TO
RUN FROM THE
PRINTER'S
TO SCHOOL.

ASSISTANT
BUSINESS MGR



THAT QUEER
FEELING.



CLASS REPORTER

A HIKE IN THE BLUE-NOSE COUNTRY.

Last spring, when all nature made one think of the summer soon to come, I began to think of varying my usual summer vacation, which has always been passed on a farm "down east." As I was fond of walking in the country and woods, the thought of a long "hike" seemed good to me. Having obtained my father's consent and along with that the necessary funds for my outfit, I got it together. A blanket I had, also a khaki coat; I bought a rubber blanket, which also served as a rain-coat, a flannel shirt, an old army rucksack, and a pair of stout walking shoes. During my spare time for a few weeks, I indulged in a little more walking than usual in training for the hike. In this period I excited the amazement of some people, the wonderment of others, and the chaffing of a few. All this made me more determined than ever before to persist to the end.

At last I was ready, and on the sixth day of July sailed on the "Prince George" for Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. This small city was the place where I was to start, and the little village of Kempt, about one-hundred and twenty miles by road, was where I was to end my hike.

The boat docked quite early in the morning. After my trunk had been examined, I got my blankets and sack from it, changed my coat and hat, and went through the crowd, out of the city, past the eyes of the curious, and into the country. Oh, how good the air was, laden with odor of the newly mown hay and the strawberry plants! When out of the city I adjusted my

sack and blankets, and settled down for the walk which I was to accomplish. The country here was beautiful. Little bays putting in from the ocean and the green of the fields lent color to the scene. I took it all in. How good it seemed to me after a winter in the city! Soon I began to feel hungry, and, selecting a likely looking house, went in and asked for a glass of milk, which was given with true country hospitality. All the morning I walked up hill and down, past fields and through woods. At one time a soldier with a gun strapped to his back whizzed by me on a motor-cycle. About noon I went into a farm-house and asked if I could buy a meal. "No," was the reply, "but I'll give you one gladly." Such was the tone which greeted me nearly every-where. As a rule, the people did not hear much outside news, and I often paid in information for what I ate. It was the case here. The man of the house was an old sea-captain, and he argued every statement that I made. After a good meal, I commenced my walking again, at first rather lame and sore, but gradually loosening up into a fine condition. During the afternoon the people among whom I passed began to change from English speaking to French. These French people did not speak pure French, but a very peculiar dialect quite different from Latin School French. As I got farther along, the class of people changed from the prosperous looking farmer to the poor kind. The houses were small and unpainted, while the general air of things denoted adversity. About dusk, which is quite late in Nova

Scotia, observing a suitable place to stop for the night, I climbed the fence and went in. It was a half cleared pasture, and, having put my blankets in the lee of a group of trees, I wrote a letter, then, getting my flash-light handy in case of trouble, I rolled up,— and tried to sleep.

At first, of course, I could not sleep, this being my first experience in sleeping out. The mosquitoes soon found out that I was there and made things interesting for a while. However, I slept quite a lot, waking once or twice when my blankets rolled off.

At day-light I was up. The sun was just appearing and gave everything a delicate tinge of color. It was nice to walk in the fresh morning air, the smoke curling from the chimney tops, and the cow-bells tinkling. All morning I kept on, through the same kind of country all the time. The day proved to be sultry, and hot, and not very pleasant. My stops for food and rest were frequent, but I did not eat very much, just enough to satisfy my appetite. After noon time I began to think that I must give up, for I discovered a big blister on my right foot, but I padded this with cotton—and kept on. About four in the afternoon I walked into the town of Weymouth. Here, on the out-skirts of the town I lay down to rest. At this time a shower which had threatened came, but as I was safely ensconced under some trees, I suffered no damage.

After the shower had passed, I started on again, beginning to get into the farming district, through I was not far from the ocean at any point. About dusk it began to rain—and I donned my poncho. While I was passing through the village of Plympton, a boy who had

started a conversation with me invited me to pass the night with him. As the thought of sleeping out-doors in a driving rain-storm did not appeal to me, I accepted, and was kindly sheltered for the night.

In the morning I set forth in a terrific wind, which, with the rain which soon came, made things unpleasant. I was planning to reach a relative's house and so began to inquire the way. Each person that I asked had a different way of reaching this place. I cannot conscientiously describe this country, for I did not see much of it. I know that there were many hills and farms, and lots of water and mud. Having received directions from one person, I climbed up an embankment to the railroad track, just missing an express, and walked along this. It was a hard job to edge along step by step, for the wind was violent. At last, having tramped through several fields and climbed over numerous fences, so lucid were my directions, I reached the house I was looking for. Here I remained over-night and got dry.

Early in the morning I again fared forth, determined to finish the hike that day—but I was disappointed. I blame it on the information which I received. It gave me a shorter distance to travel than I had thought, and so I walked more slowly. However, I regard this day as the most pleasant of my trip. The country was beautiful, hilly, green, and wooded. I tediously climbed the hills at Bear River and then settled myself for the road stretching inland. All day I passed through a country dotted with farms but covered with forests for the most part, and some of the time with hardly a good carriage road. In the late afternoon, having

passed through the out-skirts of Milford, I entered upon the road going through the nine-mile woods. I thought the miles would never end. There was not a single habitation for the whole distance. Finally I got through, having had a "lift" of about two miles, the only one in the trip. At dark, when I found I could not reach my destination, I put up for the night at some friends of father's. The next morning, the fifth day of my hike, I reached the farm where I was to stop for a little while.

Here my hike ended. Throughout the trip I had a good time, seeing the country as I could have done in no other way. I carried no fire-arms and would have had no use at all for them. Only once was I refused admittance, and I found out later that there they mistook me for a tramp. For anyone fond of out-door life I would heartily recommend this as a way of passing a vacation with pleasure and novelty.

By BLUE NOSE.

A PICTURE OF WAR.

When we look at a picture, we look at it from two sides. The first side is the bright, pleasing side, full of grace and loveliness. We think of the remarkable beauty of the picture. The beauty of the landscape scene, or the grim outline of some castle of antiquity. Then we look at it from the second side. That is the dark and tragic side of the picture. We think of the hours and hours of toil and hard work that the painter must have put on that picture. We imagine the abundance of discouragements and the mental suffering that he must have endured before the picture was completed.

It was of this sort of picture that I thought as I stood on the main street in the city of St. John, N. B. Canada. It was a wonderful day for the city. On that day the first contingent of troops was to be sent to Quebec to be trained for the front. They were to proceed from Quebec to England, and thence to the dark, grim battlefield, to fight for their homes and the mother country.

As I stood on the main street, I was

looking on the bright side of the picture. All that day the city was in the highest degree of hilarity, and boisterous mirth and joy predominated everywhere. Flags were fluttering here and there, and almost every house and store was decorated with flags and emblems of England and Canada. The officers and soldiers who were to depart that evening walked up and down the main streets, displaying their new, bright uniforms and chatting merrily with crowds of friends. Wherever a soldier was seen, he was treated as a prince who is about to be enthroned as king.

At half-past six, in the evening, the parade started from the water front, on its way to the station, where the long black train was waiting to bear away its burden. It was indeed a wonderful sight. Thousands of people cheered the soldiers, while numerous bands were playing the martial, national airs of Canada. There was a smile of joy on each soldier's face. Was he not going to fight for his home and his native land?—to protect his family and friends from the tyranny of a hostile nation?

It was the hero's last chance to display, before groups of admiring friends, his love of country and his perfect military bearing. It was his last chance to appear before the crowds, as he soon must be on his way to give up his life, if need be, for their safety and in their defense.

Soon the station loomed into view. Then all was changed. I was now looking on the dark and tragic side of the picture. It was a picture which I shall never forget and will always stand in my memory as a sad and heart-breaking scene. As we approached the station, the bands ceased to play. The long black train, which was to convey the soldiers on their sad journey, looked dark and foreboding. There were no martial and hero's strains of music then, no more cheering and joking on the part of the crowd; it was a different scene. As the soldiers came into the station, they broke ranks, not by orders of superior officers but by natural instinct. It was then that I saw a sad sight. I saw a sweet-faced, motherly old lady, after pulling her dear boy from the ranks, faint in his arms. I saw another lady with two little children striving to catch a last glimpse of her beloved husband. At my right was a young man of not more than thirty years of age, holding in his arms, his little girl, who was crying as if her little heart would break, while her father was trying to comfort her by saying that *perhaps* he would be able to return to her. I saw another young chap, almost a boy, who was saying good-by to his sad eyed mother and sister. It was an impressive scene. At twenty five minutes past seven the whistle blew and all the soldiers were ordered to board the train. They were leaving their

families, and friends, and homes, probably never to return. Young men of the best standing in the city, men in the prime of life and health, were going on to the field of battle, in most cases, death. They asked no question. They were the true sons of the mother country, and when she was in the direst need, they answered her call without a grumble.

At half-past seven the train slowly began to move out of the station. It seemed like a messenger on its grim errand of destruction and death. A man jumped on a box and cried out, "Let's give them three rousing cheers before they go!"; but could we cheer? No! There was not a person in that whole crowd who could have spoken above a whisper at that time. There was not an eye of anyone there that was not filled to the brim with tears.

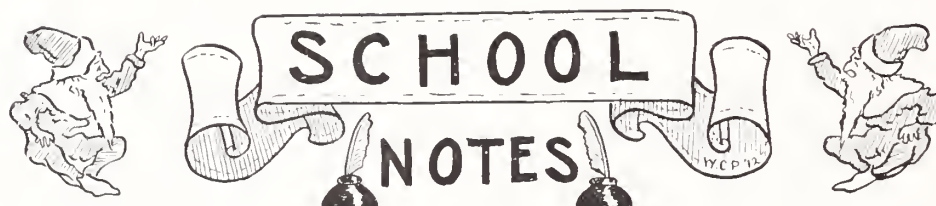
Thus the train left amid silence,—silence in which naught was heard except the heart broken sob of some fond mother who had lost her darling boy or her beloved husband. Here and there a child would be crying for a father that would never return. After the train had disappeared from view, the crowd slowly wended its way homeward, but it was not the same crowd that had entered the station. No, the crowd had had its spirit crushed and broken. It had received the first bitter taste of war. It had now looked for the first time on the dark, gloomy side of the picture and had found it almost too tragic for endurance.

My own thoughts, as I mingled with that heartbroken crowd are hard to describe. They were thoughts of sorrow and anger, sorrow for the poor soldiers who must endure the hardships of camp and battle life, and for

the mothers and families who must remain in lonely, patient, anxious waiting for the fond husband, fathers, or son, to return, anger at the thought that two or more nations could not live in unity and concord without sacrificing so many human lives. Then I could not help thanking God that our own Red, White and Blue meant so much to us; that we had at the head of our beloved nation a man that is true to God, true to the United States, and true to himself,—President Woodrow Wilson. I

thanked God that he was a man that would not unheedingly plunge our country into the bloody conflict and render ourselves and families liable to that same scene which I witnessed in St. John; and I prayed that our country might be endowed with a blessing of infinite peace and might be able to help the warring nations towards the goal for which we have always striven, peace and love for our fellowmen.

H. L. S. '17.



The school term of 1915-16 is now well under way. Thanksgiving Day has come and gone, and in three short weeks Christmas, too, will be but a memory. With the approach of the long, dark, evenings and drear, unpleasing outdoor weather, opportunities for hard study are offered us that were denied during the more pleasant seasons. It is our part to see that these opportunities are not neglected.

* * * * *

The *Register*, we hope, is not addicted to either of the two vile practices of preaching or of quoting poetry. Yet lo, and behold! the *Register* is going to indulge in both of these vices; so you may as well get ready for a pleasant little session with us. To begin with

the preaching:

The *Register* has been criticized for its lack of stories. Far be it from us to seem discourteous or in the least impolite, but to anyone in the school who obligingly and unconcernedly offers us this criticism, we are tempted to say rather hotly, if not elegantly:

"What do you mean by standing there and giving us that sort of talk? Why don't *you* write a story for us, you pusillanimous parallelopipeidon?"

If we should really speak in this fashion, our victim would probably hang his head in shame and walk off feeling, as a well-known comedian once put it, "like a zero with the rim torn off." Thereupon, out of the kindness of our heart, we would go up to him,

and, placing our several editorial hands upon his shoulders, explain to him the reason for the verbal explosion that had just emanated from our cherubic lips.

We notice that the fellows who have complained of the lack of stories have themselves *never written a single piece for the paper*. Yet they ask pettishly, "Why don't we have more stories?"

Do you who attempt to criticize us suppose that we get the stories for the paper by going to our private safe and selecting a few choice masterpieces that are peculiarly fitted for a special number that we have in mind? If you think so, you are mistaken.

The stories that we publish must be written by someone. Who will write them? The members of the *Register* staff do their share by contributing pieces when they are called upon to do so. They cannot do all the work, however. The stories must come from outsiders, as well.

Therefore, if, at sometime in the future, some foolhardy member of the school remarks to us calmly: "I say, but why don't you have more stories?" he need not be surprised if we suddenly turn black in the face and hiss savagely in his ear a remark similar to the one we have quoted above.

At the beginning of this masterpiece of English (?) composition, we spoke of quoting some poetry. As a rule, we are not accustomed to go outside of school papers in order to find poetry to quote, but in view of the fact that the following stanzas, which are clipped from *Life*, illustrate our point so admirably, we beg permission to reprint the verses:

"THEY."

"Why don't they keep the streets a little cleaner?"

You ask with deep annoyance not undue. "Why don't they keep the parks a little greener?"

(Did you ever stop to think that *they* means *you*?)

"How long will they permit this graft and stealing?"

"Why don't they see the courts are clean and true?"

"Why will they wink at crooked public dealing?"

(Did you ever stop to think that *they* means *you*?)

"Why don't they write more stories for the *Register*?"

Did you ever stop to think that *they* means *YOU*?

* * * * *

The *Register* is indeed pleased to note the impetus which seems to have been given the movement to establish clubs, —a movement the rebirth of which we advocated in the November number. We are neither so unperceptive nor so conceited as to apply in this case the "*post hoc, ergo propter hoc*" theory, and selfishly to claim the credit for having inspired the forming of these new clubs. As a matter of fact, we know that certain clubs were on the way to being formed before the appearance of the November number. Nevertheless, the forming of these clubs simply goes to show that the *club spirit* is not dead in the Latin School, and that every fellow here is desirous of participating in the activities of some club, if only opportunities to do so will present themselves.

We now have in the school a Natural History Club, a Debating Society, a Dramatic Club, and a Mandolin Club. Keep up the good work, fellows!

* * * * *

The head of the Surgical Unit which

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was last summer sent by the Harvard Medical School to a British military hospital in France is a former Latin School boy,—Dr. E. H. Nicholls, '82. It was intended originally that the unit should be maintained for but six months, but the University has now decided to support it for an additional period of at least six months, under the same head.

* * * * *

On October 19, the school was honored by a visit from Dr. Byron Groce, who, until last year, was head of the Department of English in this school. Dr. Groce had a pleasant word and a cheery smile for every boy whose name or face was in the least familiar to him, and was greeted with the greatest pleasure by all the masters of the school, his former colleagues.

* * * * *

Advertisers in the *Register* claim that the fellows in this school do not seem to be supporting them as they should. Will you let it be said that you lack enough school spirit to do even so slight a thing as going out of your way a little to support certain firms that are kind enough to help us?

Patronize those who advertise in the *Register*. We can assure you that a few minutes spent in glancing over the "ad" pages will not be wasted, and —what is more—that you will not go wrong in patronizing those whose advertisements you see, for advertisements from none but absolutely reliable concerns are accepted by the *Register*.

Furthermore, when you patronize some of our advertisers, *please mention the Register*. It will not hurt you to say a few words in acknowledgment to us, and, besides, it will impress upon our advertisers that advertising in the *Register* really *pays*,—for we know that

it does.

* * * * *

It is with the most sincere regret that we announce the death of Arthur Reed, B. L. S. '79. Mr. Reed who was very prominent in musical circles in and about Boston, was one of the founders of the Cecilia Club, as well as being a member and founder of the Apollo Club of Boston. He was a Civil War veteran, and graduated from Harvard in the class of '62. Mr. Reed, at the time of his death, was a member of the insurance firm Thompson & Reed.

* * * * *

The *Register* has before remarked upon the intimacy which seems to have always existed between Latin School and Harvard College, and once again it is urged to note an example of this close relationship. At the election of officers for the New England Federation of Harvard Clubs, which was held during the course of the seventh annual meeting in Springfield, on Oct. 9, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, B. L. S. '49, was elected president of the federation, Henry M. Rogers, B. L. S. '65, was elected one of the honorary vice-presidents, and Hermann F. Clarke, B. L. S. '01, was elected secretary. As a further illustration of our close connection with the institution across the Charles, we may notice that Daniel J. Lyne, B. L. S. '06, was elected to the Standing Committee on Elections for 1915-16 in the Harvard Alumni Association.

* * * * *

At the exercises, held to commemorate the 100th. anniversary of the birth of Richard Henry Dana, author of *Two Years Before the Mast*, Moorfield Storey, B. L. S. '61, spoke on "Dana as an Anti-Slavery Leader."

* * * * *

While as a rule this department does not include items relating to athletics, it is nevertheless moved to note that of the eleven men who started the game for Harvard against Yale, three claim Boston Latin School as a place of preparation for Harvard. These three are King, Soucy, and Boles.

* * * * *

The following Latin School men received honor grades in subjects counting not less than nine units in the Harvard Examinations:

James Kenneth Godkin, (who received a Price Greenleaf Aid Scholarship; Arthur Reynold Nelson, (who received a scholarship from the Harvard Club of Boston;) Harold Theodore Tisdale, (Price Greenleaf Aid;) and Saul Yesner, (Price Greenleaf Aid.)

* * * * *

Bennett Solomon, B. L. S. '15, has been awarded the annual scholarship to Harvard College by the Boston Newsboy Protective Union. While attending this school, Solomon, who arrived in America, when he was ten years old, sold papers before and after school hours, and has the distinction of being the youngest newsboy who has been awarded a Harvard scholarship.

* * * * *

Mr. Lloyd C. Corbett, B. L. S. '04, was accidentally shot recently while on a hunting trip on Lieutenant Island. Mr. Corbett was prominently connected with the firm of Wood, Putnam, and Wood, Boston advertising agents, and was a graduate from Harvard in the class of 1908.

* * * * *

The Harvard Club recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its founding in New York. At the founding of this club the names of William M. Evants

and Rev. E. E. Hale, two Latin School Boys, were prominent. Years after, in 1909, another Latin School boy, James J. Higginson, attained the presidency of the institution, which he held for two successive years.

AMONG THE CLUBS.

THE NATURAL HISTORY CLUB.

This issue finds the Natural History Club in full progress. During October two talks were given in pursuance of the Club's policy of holiday a public meeting every two weeks.

The first talk was given by Remington, of Room 12, on "New England Mollusca." The talk was given in such a manner as to be interesting to any one, no matter how slight his knowledge of natural history might be. Remington, after a slight discussion of the economical importance of shells, spoke of them in three groups: univalves, bivalves and multivalves. As each specimen was mentioned by the speaker, an enlarged reproduction was reflected on the screen, thus adding much to the interest of the talk.

The second talk was given by Perine, of Room 10, on "Some Common Birds." This talk was also illustrated by pictures thrown on the screen, and was further enhanced by phonographic reproductions of birds' songs through the courtesy of Mr. Henderson.

The attendance at these meetings averaged about twenty. Considering the unusual interest of the subject there should be a greater response. Latin School now has a Natural History Club. let the fellows support it by coming to the meetings. The meetings are held in Room 12, and are announced, at least a day in advance, by a notice

posted on the bulletin-board. No one incurs any obligation by attending and all are welcome. This invitation is especially extended to the teachers.

In conclusion, let it be stated that Natural History is not dull. On the contrary it is one of the most interesting subjects imaginable, and every healthy, red-blooded, American boy ought to welcome this opportunity to learn about the feathered and furred brotherhood which surround him, carrying as they do the snap and zest of the great outdoors.

S. M. B. '16.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB.

A Dramatic Club was formed on Nov. 11, under the supervision of Mr. Levine. Under his experienced hand the Club should make a good start this year and lay a foundation for next year's Dramatic Club to build on. A play was decided upon and the competitions have been held for places in the roles. In order to give everybody a chance, the Club's membership remains open to all members of the schools, and competitions are held whenever characters are needed for plays.

Let us hope that soon no entertainment in the Latin School will be without some presentation by our new-born organization.

F. C. P. '16.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

People are realizing more and more the advantages that discussion and debate will bring them. In looking for a "job," we come to the conclusion, sooner or later, that he who speaks clearly, unhesitatingly, and with precision, is

given the preference. No matter how important or vital a thing may be, it will appear dull and insipid unless well presented. The fellow with a decisive argument might as well not have had it unless he has the courage to rise and let other people know what it is. Besides the keen pleasure and enjoyment it affords, debating is invaluable for what it brings, and for its practical use in every day life.

It is quite obvious that the logical arrangement of argument is good intellectual training; that the parry and thrust of actual contest is a good preparation for life; that by debate and open discussion we broaden our views and learn to respect those of our opponents; that the effective use of our mother tongue is perfected by actual participation.

Come, you fellows! This agreeable accomplishment, this valuable tool, the most important possession of the educated man, is yours for the asking. A debating club is being organized here in your midst. We must thank and feel greatly obliged and grateful to Mr. Southworth for agreeing to give his time to the interests of this club, and for his unremitting efforts for its success. We all know how well qualified he is for directing a club of such a nature. Let us all come and take advantage of such an opportunity now, for it may not again come knocking at your door if we should overlook it this time.

S. M. C. '17.

THE MANDOLIN CLUB.

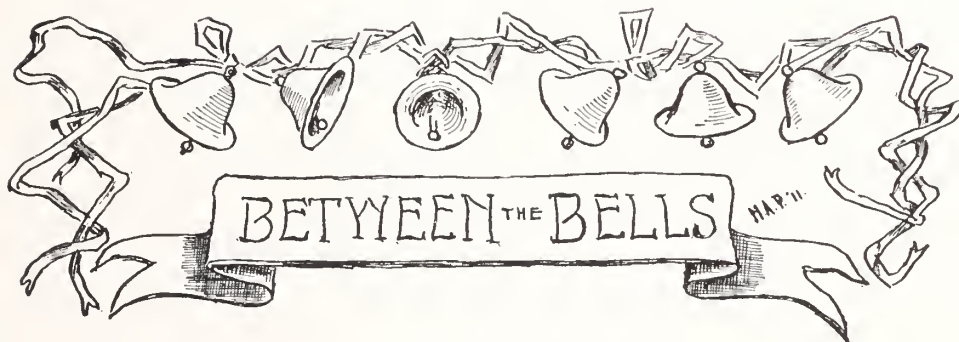
The Mandolin Club, on account of its recent formation, is hardly in a position to give a satisfactory account of itself. Lack of material has greatly

handicapped the club. Now, fellows, it is for you to support this club. Does it not seem that in a school such as ours, with nearly one thousand students, there ought to be more than *six* fellows capable of playing a mandolin, guitar, or banjo? That is the situation at present. When we consider that many other schools, among them Huntington School and Dorchester High, have flourishing mandolin clubs and also school orchestras, don't you think it is somewhat of a reflection on Latin school if we are unable to have even a well supported mandolin club'?

Perhaps there are some who hesitate to join for fear that they cannot play well enough. Won't you at least come out and let us see what you can do? Remember that none of us pose as experts. Please let nobody get that idea.

On the other hand, if there are fellows who consider us inferior to them in playing ability, won't they please come out and assist as with their advice and playing support. It is all for the good of Latin school, and we hope that no fellow is too selfish to forget that.

P. G. R. '16.



Pat used to pride himself on his unusual perspicacity and acumen. That he possessed unusual powers of observation is not to be denied, as Pat once proved conclusively on one fair day in Spring.

He used to live between Cork and Cornith, and on the day of which we speak he had occasion to drive a pig from Cork to the fair at Cornith. Now Pat knew how perverse and obstinate pigs were, and so with a great deal of strategy he planned how he might best get the pig going in the direction that it was supposed to go. The result of his

deliberations was that he took pains to head the pig off towards Cork. Of course the pig promptly turned about and headed in the direction of Cornith, —which was just what Pat desired.

Things went along finely, until Mike, a friend of Pat's, seeing the pig hot-footing it along the path with Pat in close pursuit, shouted to his friend:

"Good mornin', Pat, an' where are ye off this early, with the pig?"

A look of sudden concern came over Pat's face, and he placed a finger to his lips warningly, as he whispered excitedly in reply:

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"Sh-h! I'm goin' to Cornith, but fer the Lord's sake, don't let the pig know it!"

* * * * *

HOW THEY FOUND OUT.

Three Irishmen were having a heated discussion as to the distance from a certain bridge to the water. They finally decided to find out the distance by measurement. One of them hung over the bridge and the other two climbed down, one hanging to the top man's feet and the other hanging to the second man's feet.

Meanwhile the strain on the top man's hands was becoming unbearable, so he called down excitedly:

"Hold tight below there whiles I shpfit on me hands fer a fresh grip!"

* * * * *

THEY WEREN'T ALL INSIDE.

The inmates of an asylum for mentally deficient, were enjoying a stroll about the grounds. One of them, who was looking out through a gate, hailed a passing man and asked him to change a half a dollar.

The man handed the desired change through the gate, whereupon the inmate, turning upon his heel without deigning to give the passerby the half-dollar for which he had asked change, said in a pitying tone:

"Humph, its you ought to be in here,

not I!"

* * * * *

"ENGLISH IS EASY FOR FOREIGNERS?"

A Frenchman who had not become thoroughly acquainted with the English Language was excitedly telling an interested group that he had seen a policeman shoot a dog on Washington Street, but that the dog was only slightly wounded and had started to run off down the street yelping.

"Was the animal mad?" asked a bystander.

"Why!" exclaimed the astonished Frenchman, "I do not theenk he was too pleased about it."

* * * * *

HE FOOLED THE RABBITS.

A certain poor fellow who was not especially noted for brightness was seen one day tramping through the woods carrying a wooden gun.

"What are you doing, George?" asked a friend who happened to meet with him.

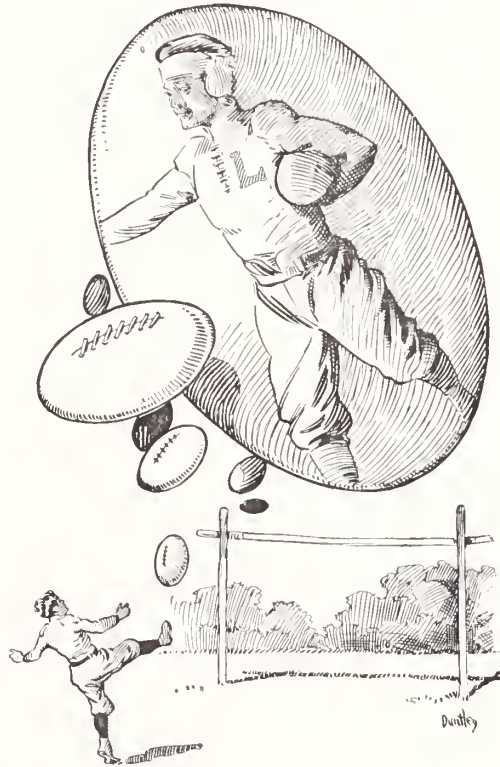
"I am hunting rabbits, I am," same the reply.

"Why, that gun won't shoot, George," said the friend. "It is only a wooden gun."

Although staggered momentarily by the new suggestion, George quickly resumed his happily smile and replied, "Yes, but the rabbits don't know it."



FOOTBALL NEWS AND NOTES.



Volkman—B .L .S.

On Friday, October 15, at Volkman field, our boys won over Volkman School by the score of 33—3. Volkman presented a very weak team and our team, having been used to much harder games, found but little difficulty in winning. While our team did fairly well, it was unable to succeed in the forward pass game. The game progressed as follows;

FIRST PERIOD.

Latin kicked off to Volkman. Volkman was soon forced to punt, and after long runs by Cousens and Capt. O'Dowd, Cousens crossed the line for a touchdown. Enright kicked the goal and the score stood 7—0. Latin again kicked - off to Volkman. Volkman, after failing at a forward, punted to Cousens, who ran the

ball for a touchdown. Enright missed the goal, making the score 13—0. Latin kicked to Volkman and the period ended with the ball in Volkman's territory.

SECOND PERIOD.

Volkman punted and Enright carried the ball to their 8-yd. line, from which he scored a touchdown. On Enright's kicking the goal the score was 20—0. Latin kicked - off to Volkman, who, after failing on three forward passes, punted. O' Connor then made a good gain on an end play, which, followed by the long gains of Cousens and Enright, resulted in another score, Cousens again taking the ball across the goal line. Enright missed his try at goal, and the score was then 26—0. Latin kicked to Volkman, and time was called.

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THIRD PERIOD.

Volkman kicked - off to Latin. Enright ran the ball back twenty yards. After long runs by O' Connor, Capt. O' Dowd, Enright, and Cousens, another score was made, when Cousens again carried the ball over Volkman's goal. Enright kicked the goal and the score was 33—0. Latin kicked-off to Volkman who punted. O' Dowd and Maloney made good gains and then two forwards were tried both of which resulted in failures.

FOURTH PERIOD.

Latin worked two end plays and missed in an attempt at field goal by Enright. At this point the second team came on and replaced the first team who were sent in to dress up. The second team held very well and before the game was over, practically every boy in the squad was given a chance to show what was in him. Volkman succeeded in scoring its only tally of the game when Hunnemann kicked a drop kick over the bar making the score, Latin 33. Volkman 3. Shortly after this score the game ended. Blanchard and Bowen played well for Volkman. Murphy, Ryan, and all the back field men played a good game for Latin.

VOLKMAN.

BLS.

The line-up

re, Bowen.....le, Schwartz, Richter, Lyon^s
rt, Hitchcock.....lt, Ryan, Atwood
rg, Johnson.....lg, Curley
c, Thompson.....c, Murphy, Parent, Reubens
lg, Wheeler.....rg, Stewart, Dudley
lt, Fulsom,.....rt, Donegan, Maroney Crowley
le, Rowen.....re, O'Connor, Carchia
gb, McCarty.....gb, Cousens, Williams, Gillis
rhh, Hunnemann lhb, Enright, McGrath, Treanor
lhb, Blanchard,....rhh, Capt. O'Dowd, Goodrick
fb, Coleman.....fb, Maloney, Kennedy
Score—Latin, 33; Volkman, 3. Touchdowns
—Cousens, 4 Enright, 1. Goals from Touchdown
—Enright, 3. Goals from field Hunnemann, 1.
Referee—Redding. Umpire—Carens. Time—
Four 9 minute periods.

Cambridge Latin, 21—Boston Latin, 0

On Friday, October 22nd, Boston Latin met with a decisive defeat at the hands of the Cambridge Latin eleven. Our boys could not handle the ball and seemed to lack the spirit which has characterized them in their former games. The final score of the game was 21-0.

FIRST PERIOD.

We kicked-off to Cambridge and after an exchange of punts Cambridge started rushing through our line. Latin held on its goal-line, but on attempting to punt, lost the ball on a fumble which resulted in Cambridge's first touchdown. Latin kicked-off to Cambridge. We lost much ground in the exchanging of punts.

SECOND PERIOD.

Cambridge punted. Latin, although it fumbled, pulled together and worked a good quarter-back run which was followed by a long forward, Cousens to Cronin. We tried another forward pass and a drop kick, neither of which worked. Latin, although it was fairly good on the defense, could not rush the ball.

THIRD PERIOD.

Cambridge kicked to Latin. After an exchange of punts, Cambridge recovered the ball on our twenty-yard line, and then by an end run carried the ball to our three-yard line, from which Adams, the quarter-back, scored a touchdown.

FOURTH PERIOD.

This period consisted mainly of a punting duel. Cambridge intercepted a forward pass and made a long run for the third touchdown.

Our backfield did not play together as

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it has been doing, and was slow in getting started. The line, however showed improvement in its playing the opponents, Adams and Saunders featured, while for Latin School, Murphy, Capt. O'Dowd, and Donegan were the stars.

The Line-up.

C. L. S.

B. L. S.

Gorman, Cassidy, Shecan,
Bornstein, le.....re. O'Connor, Richter
Capt. Kelly, lt.....rt. Donegan, Dowd, Maroney
Leary, Geoppr, McFadden, lg.....rg. Ryan
Lowe, c.....c. Murphy
Dwyer, rg.....lg. Curley
Cohen rt.....lt. Dudley, Crowley, McCabe
Blakeslee, re.....le. Treanor, Cronin, Swartz
Adams qb.....qb. Cousens, Williams, Gillis,
Kennedy, Leary
Coggshell lhb.....rhb Capt. O'Dowd
Jones, Jenkins rhb.....lhb. Enright, Brady
McGrath
Saunders, Roebart Row, fb.....fb. Maloney
Score, Cambridge, 21, B. L. S. 0. Touchdowns
—Adams, Coggshell, Saunders. Goals from touch-
down—Dwyer 3. Referee—Redding, Umpire—
Doe, Linesman, Rowe. Length of periods—4
of 10 min. each.

Commerce 7. Latin School 9.

On Monday, November 1, our boys won their first game for the championship of the *Boston High School League*, by defeating the High School of Commerce. The score was 9—7. Our boys deserve great credit for playing against unfair odds and winning in spite of that fact.

FIRST PERIOD.

Latin kicked off to Commerce. Commerce, although penalized, gained considerable ground, until Latin recovered a fumble and punted to their 22-yd line. Commerce punted, but the ball was taken back and Commerce was penalized for holding. Commerce punted. McGrath made a fine run through the Commerce Team and, although injured, remained in the game. Latin gained again and brought the ball to Commerce's 10-yd. line. Commerce's line held; so Enright sent a drop kick over

the bar. The score was now 3-0. Latin kicked to Commerce and the period ended with Latin School in possession of the ball.

SECOND PERIOD.

Latin punted. Commerce started her shift play going, and carried the ball up the field to our 35-yd. line. Commerce tried a drop kick, which was blocked. Latin punted, and Commerce again rushed the ball up the field to Latin's 12-yd. line, whence in two rushes McCarty carried the ball over for a touchdown. He succeeded in making the goal from touchdown, and the score stood Commerce 7, Latin 3. Latin kicked to Commerce, and the period ended with Commerce in possession of the ball. During this period Commerce was penalized three times and Latin once. Commerce had been making use of an illegal shift, in which the backs would receive the ball while they were in motion.

THIRD PERIOD.

Commerce kicked to Latin, who punted. Commerce then brought the ball to our 15-yd. line, but was penalized. Commerce tried a drop kick which failed, and the ball went to Latin School on her 20-yd. line. Latin then made two goods gains, Cousens carrying the ball on end run plays. Curley showed some good football during this period. At this stage of the game Latin received no penalties, while Commerce received five. The Commerce men persisted in using the illegal play, by which they gained so much ground.

FOURTH PERIOD.

This period was the most exciting of all. Latin took possession of the ball in midfield and gained well by an end

run and a forward pass. Enright then tried a drop kick, which went low and was touched by the Commerce team. Carder, who was on his own goal line, let the ball roll by him and then trotted leisurely after it. Cousens, however, reached the ball first and fell on it for a touchdown; Latin failed in its try for goal from touchdown but the previous drop kick gave us a margin of two points. The score now was 9-7 in our favour. Our men were determined to keep the lead and showed a remarkable fighting spirit, which from that time on kept Commerce in check. Cousens and Enright made some fine gains and Latin punted. Commerce made two good gains but lost the ground gained when tackled for a twenty-yard loss. From this time on Latin School played Commerce to a standstill. This period was featured by the playing of Cousens, McGrath, Murphy, and Atwood. After the game Capt. O'Dowd was carried from the field on the shoulders of the cheering Latin School "rooters."

The Lineup.

COMMERCE

Kilnam, r e l e Cousens
O'Brien, r t l t Ryan
Tansey, r g l g Alberts, Atwood, Dowd,
Lubin, Mahoney.
Dobrien, c c Murphy, Doherty
Benson, Reardon, l g r g Curley
Donovan, l t r t Crowley, Atwood
Coughlin, l e r e O'Connor, Schwartz
Carder, qb qb Enright
Porter, r h b l h b McGrath
Mullen, Mayer, McCarty, l h b r h b Capt.
O'Dowd.
Young, Anderson, f b . . . f b Maloney, Kennedy

LATIN

Score—Latin, 9, Commerce, 7, Touchdowns—McCarty, Cousens. Goal from touchdown—McCarty. Goal from field—Enright. Referee—McGrath. Umpire—Burleigh. Field Judge—Butterfield. Linesman—Lawlor. Time—12 and 13 m. periods.

Dorchester 6 Boston Latin 0

On Friday the twelfth of November, Boston Latin School lost to Dorchester

in a well contested game. It was a hard game to lose, because our boys had chances to score but threw them away on a poor selection of plays.

FIRST PERIOD.

Boston Latin kicked-off to Dorchester. Dorchester advanced the ball to mid-field, and then punted. Latin School gained in two runs by Cousens and McGrath, but failed at a forward pass, and after a run by Cousens lost the ball on a fumble. Dorchester, after being penalized, punted. Latin School fumbled and Dorchester recovered. Dorchester failed on a forward pass, but took the ball in a run by Corrigan to Latin School's 42 yard line.

SECOND PERIOD.

Latin held Dorchester for downs and then punted. Corrigan ran the ball back to our 30 yard line, from which Dorchester scored on a forward pass, Corrigan to Bullard. Dorchester failed to make the goal from touchdown. Latin kicked to Dorchester. Latin School's line held well, and we recovered the ball on Dorchester's 30-yard line. Latin School worked a forward pass, Cousens to O'Connor, which took the ball to Dorchester's 10-yard line. Instead of going through Dorchester's line, which would have resulted in a score, Cousens tried an end run and was thrown for a loss. Dorchester punted the ball out of danger.

THIRD PERIOD.

Dorchester kicked to Latin. Cousens signaled for a forward pass but as Dorchester's men were in on him too soon, ran the ball and secured a good gain. Latin lost the ball on downs. Corrigan was thrown for a loss, and then punted. Cousens on an end run was thrown for a loss and Latin School punted.

Cousens intercepted a forward pass and ran the ball to Dorchester's 32-yard line. O'Connor advanced the ball 10 more yards on an end play. Here Latin School lost another chance to score when Dorchester intercepted a forward pass.

FOURTH PERIOD.

Dorchester had the ball on their own 30-yard line, but punted after being penalized for holding. Latin School failed on a forward pass and on an end run. Latin punted, Dorchester made two good gains. Latin School's line stiffened and held for downs, and then worked a forward pass, but on the next attempt Dorchester intercepted the forward pass and punted.

For Dorchester, Corrigan, Areta, and Bullard featured. For Latin School, Murphy, Ryan and Donegan played well. In the back-field, Captain O'Dowd and McGrath excelled, while Cousens did good work in punting and running the ball in open field.

The line-up

DORCHESTER	LATIN
Smith, Kontoff, le.....re, O'Connor	
Charron, lt.....rt. Donegan	
Colson, Buttner, lg.....rg, Curley	
Flaherty, c.....c, Murphy	
Paten, rg.....lg, Alberts	Murphy, Atwood, Stuart
Crowell, rt.....lt, Ryan	
Taylor, Connolly.	Richter.
Bullard, re.....le, Cronin	
Duffy.	Swartz, Connolly.
Corrigan, qb.....qb, Cousens	
Stuart, Campbell, lhb.....rhb, O'Dowd, Kennedy	
Flanagan, Boudrot, rhb.....lhb, McGrath	
Areta, Colson, Flanagan, fb.....fb, Maloney	
Score—Dorchester, 6; Latin, 0. Touchdown	
—Bullard. Referee—Woodlock. Umpire—Linehan.	
Linesman—Hoey. Time—Two 10m. and two 9m. periods.	

Mechanic Arts — Boston Latin.

On Wednesday, November 17, Latin defeated Mechanic Arts at Fenway Park by the score of 21 to 3. The Mechanic Arts team put up a stiff fight and at times outplayed our team. The

game was much more even than the score would indicate.

FIRST PERIOD.

Latin kicked-off to Mechanic Arts who punted after a few attempts at rushing the ball. Latin did not handle the ball well and a tumble gave it to Mechanics who scored when Cusick kicked a field goal. Latin kicked-off to Mechanics Arts and held them for downs. Latin was penalized for being off side and then Cousens made a good gain on an end run. After an exchange of punts Mechanics was penalized and Latin secured the ball on downs. Latin by a forward pass, Cousens to O'Connor advanced the ball Mechanics 30 yard line from where Maloney and O'Dowd advanced it to the 8 yard line. Here Latin was penalized for being off side but the next play McGrath took the ball over for a touchdown. Cousens kicked the goal from touchdown making the score 7 to 3. Latin kicked off to Mechanics.

SECOND PERIOD.

Play was resumed on Mechanic's 40 yd. line. Mechanics could not gain by rushing and punted. Latin started an advance up the field. Cousens and O'Connor by long runs carried the ball to Mechanics 7 yd. line from where McGrath again scored a touchdown. Cousens kicked goal from touchdown and the score was 14-3. Latin kicked to Mechanics, Breen Mechanic's full-back ran the ball back into Latin's territory. Mechanic Arts was penalized 15 yds. for holding. Mechanics punted and again was penalized 15 yds. because one of their men tackled Cousens after he had signaled for a fair catch. Cousens made a good gain on an end run. Latin failed in a forward pass and a drop kick and Mechanics secured the

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ball. Cousens made another gain and then Latin failed on two forwards and was forced to kick.

THIRD PERIOD.

Latin kicked off to Mechanics. Murphy and Curley were both hurt but were able, after a rest, to resume play. Mechanics made a first down. On the next play Mechanics was penalized and then punted. On an exchange of punts which followed Cousens ran a kick back for a touchdown. He succeeded in his goal from touchdown and the score stood 21-3. Latin kicked off to Mechanics but as some of our men were off-side the kick-off was repeated, this time from our 35 yd. line. Mechanics then made three first downs when the whistle blew for the end of the third period.

FOURTH PERIOD.

Latin took the ball on her own 10 yd. line and punted out of danger. Cousens intercepted a forward pass but ran out-side so Latin School lost, making another touchdown. Latin then gained on two long runs by Cousens and O' Connor. Mechanic Arts stiffened and held for downs and then made three first downs, carrying the ball well into Latin's territory. Mechanics, tried a drop kick

which failed and Latin punted out of danger. Latin School was penalized because a substitute spoke to his fellow players before reporting to the referee.

The Lineup.

LATIN

Cronin, Swartz, le.....re, Swanson
Ryan, lt.....rt, Kyle
Alberts, Richter, Dudley, Moroney, lg rg, Brooks
Murphy, Parent, c.....c, Russo
Curley, Atwood, rg.....lg Phelps
Stuart, Doyle, rg.....lg, Colson
Donegan rt.....lt, Cusick
O'Connor, re.....le, Dalco, Madden
Cousens, qb.....qb, Keller
McGrath, lhb.....rhh, Welch
O'Dowd, rhh.....lhb, Connor
Maloney, Kennedy, fb.....fb, Breen

Score—Latin 21, Mechanic Arts 3. Touchdowns—McGrath 2, Cousens, Goals from touchdowns—Cousens 3. Goal from field—Cusick. Referee — McDonald. Umpire — Butterfield. Linesman—Redding. Time—Four 10m. periods.

ATHLETIC GOSSIP.

The Register earnestly hopes that sufficient funds will be raised to procure new shells for the School Crews. The old shells have seen their best days and are now almost useless for developing crews. The various Crew Captains of greater Boston have been busy trying to raise the necessary money, and indeed it would be a shame to have such a beneficial sport as rowing discarded on account of lack of new shells.



THE THANKSGIVING DAY GAME.

Latin School 1915 Football season was crowned with success when on Thanksgiving morning English High School, our old rival, went down to a 14-13 defeat. Our team made both its touchdowns in the first period, when Cousens eluded the English team and twice crossed its line for a touchdown. We shall never forget the fight that English make in the second half, and how she almost wrest the game from our hands. It was a game cleanly fought, full of thrills and one which through the whole game, kept the spectators on their feet cheering. Latin, by its wonderful fight in the first half, and English, by its uphill struggle in the second half, clearly demonstrated that they were the best coached teams in the city, and great praise is due to the coaches of both teams, Mr. O'Brien and Mr. O'Flaherty. The game was played as follow.

FIRST PERIOD

English won the toss and chose to defend the west goal. When she kicked-off the ball was received by Curly, who was downed in mid-field. Latin punted and O'Hare fumbled the punt. O'Connor, who had come down the field like a rifle shot, recovered the ball for Latin School. McGrath twice took the ball through the left side of English's line for gains, and Maloney took it through once, but the distance gained was not quite sufficient to give Latin first down. English punted and McGrath ran the ball back to English's 15 yard-line, from where Cousens, on the next play, ran over English's goal line for the first touchdown. Cousens kicked the goal from touchdown and the score stood 7-0. English received the kick-off and La Plante ran the ball back

15 yds. English after trying to gain through our line, punted. Latin immediately in return punted and O'Connor again made a fine tackle. Latin was penalized five yards for being off side, and on the next play La Plante went through our line for six yards. English fumbled on the next play and Latin recovered the ball. Again the Latin School rooters went wild when Cousens ran around the end for a touchdown. Once more Cousens succeeded in his try at goal from touchdown, and the score stood 14-0. Latin kicked-off to English, who fumbled. Maloney recovered the ball but in doing so hurt his ankle so badly that he had to be taken to the sidelines. Kennedy was sent in to take his place. McGrath in two rushes made first down for Latin School.

SECOND PERIOD.

It was our ball on English's 30 yd. line. Cousens missed a field goal and English took the ball on its 20 yard line. English attacked our line twice but could not gain, and so were forced to punt. Cousens, who received the punt after it had bounded, was downed on our 30 yd. line. Latin lost ground on a trick play. Stuart was sent in at guard for Alberts, whose leg was bothering him, and Latin punted. English directed three plays at our line but could not gain. Bridges got off a long punt and Cousens was downed on his 12 yd. line. Latin School tried two rushes, but as our backs could not make the distance Cousens punted. Again O'Connor brought the crowd to its feet by a spectacular tackle. There followed an exchange of punts which placed the ball on English's 40 yard line. English made two first downs on gains by Mar-

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tin, LaPlante and O'Hare. O'Hare would have made a much longer distance had not McGrath of our own team made a fine tackle and brought him to the ground. English then tried a forward pass which went over the goal line. Latin took the ball on its twenty yard line. Shwartz substituted for Cronin at left end. After two gains by Cousens and McGrath the horn sounded and the first half was over.

THIRD PERIOD

Latin kicked off to English. English started rushing the ball in a manner that no team has ever surpassed. One after another La Plante, Martin, and Monagle would crash through our line for gains of five, seven and ten yards. Latin fought with might and main, but becoming too eager, was penalized five yards for off-side. Smashing into our line like battering rams English brought the ball to our 15 yd. line before being stopped and held for downs. Latin School, on rams by McGrath, O'Dowd, and Cousens, made first down. Cousens then punted and English brought the ball to mid-field. Again English resumed its lines-smashing tactics and brought the ball under the shadow of our goal posts, where once more our line stiffened and held English for downs.

FOURTH PERIOD

Latin had the ball on its own 12 yd. line. We punted, but the ball went high into the air and English took it on our 22 yd. line. Again English hammered our line and suddenly Monagle shot over our line for a touchdown. O'Hare kicked the goal from touchdown and the score was now 14—7

Latin kicked off to English who battered our line and started on a march which resulted in a score when Monagle again crossed our line for a touchdown. Martin, however, failed to kick the goal

from touchdown and the score stood 14—13. English kicked off to Latin, and Donnegan carried the ball back 8 yards. Latin punted and O'Hare ran the ball back 60 yds. to our 15 yard line. La Plante went through the line for 5 yards. Then Latin stiffened and held English on our five yard line. Crowley, who had hurt his hand in the Commerce game, went in for Richter. Latin School punted but English rushed the ball back into striking distance of the goal and tried a drop kick. The kick went short, however, and Latin received the ball on its 5 yd. line

The game was featured by the fine rushing of English's back field during the second half, by Cousen's spectacular runs, by Capt. O'Dowd's fine playing, by McGrath's great work in going through English's line, and by O'Connor's great tackling. If we had the space we could fill columns with praise of every man on the team, but, to make a long story short, the team successfully finished its season with a VICTORY OVER ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL, and that means that every man on the team, not only in the backfield, where spectacular work is more easily appreciated by those in the stands, but also those on the line fought as hard as they knew how.

BOSTON LATIN. ENGLISH HIGH.

Cronin, Swartz, lere, Brigham Donegan, ltrt, Storey
Alberts, Stewart. Richter, Crowley, lg...

.....rg, Galloway
Murphy, cc, Abencrombie
Curley, rglg, McCafferty
Ryan, rtlt, Cohen
O'Connor, rele, Brigdes, Ruggo
Cousens, qbqb, O'Hare
O'Dowd, lhbrhb, Monagle
McGrath, rhblhb, Martin
Maloney, Kennedy, Brady, fbfb, LaPlant

Score—Boston Latin 14, English High 13.
Touchdowns—Cousens 2 Monagle 2 Goals from
touchdowns—Cousens 2 O'Hare. Referee—T.
Murphy Umpire—J. Redding. Field judge—A.
Cooper. Linesman—H. Woodlock. Time—Four
12m. periods.

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